

# SHAKESPEARIANA.

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety."—ANT. & CLIO.

VOL. I.

JULY, 1884.

No. 9.

## A STUDY OF LADY MACBETH.

It is not with the grand-daughter of Kenneth IV. the Lady Grasch Macbeth, of Scottish history, that I consider I am to deal, nor with the wife of Donald whose husband, at her instigations, did really in the dead of night take the life of King Duff; but with that creation of Shakespeare's brain, a character bearing the form of woman, the rank of lady, and the name Macbeth.

In approaching this character there are many things to be remembered, the complexion of the times, most bloody, the crude state of enlightenment and civilization. Lady Macbeth lived in the midst of an age hard, cruel, and ignorant, and upon her native heath everything is tinged with superstition, every event, every unusual act is clothed in supernatural garments.

It is not fair to dissect this character with the instruments of our own times, nor to judge it from a Christian moralist's standpoint; there is no light shade in the guilt then. The powerful will, the passionate, excitable nature are never, in one instance, controlled by any religious principle. Human life in her day was reckoned a small obstacle in any man's path. No woman's cheek blanched at the clang of armor, and they esteemed their heroes none the less, that often virtue and honor entered not into their schemes for glory.

In the most picturesque part of the highlands within her own home, the Castle of Inverness, overlooking the river, we have our first glimpse of Lady Macbeth. Not a coarse Amazon of great stature, of brawny arms and wonderful muscle—hearts do not break in such a setting—but a beautiful, delicate woman, of rather less, than great height, betraying in form and movement the highly strung, nervous organization. Over a brow ordinarily pale, falls a wealth of tawny yellow

hair. From out the clear, cruel, grey eye there gleams a proud and fiery spirit, and between the thin, red lips is held power and resolve. A woman with charm of manner; every time she is addressed or spoken of by servant, lord or king, we feel this. A woman with lines of suffering on her face. Not as a sanctifier but as a destroyer, has sorrow come to her, not as a medicine but as a poison. The house of Macbeth is without an heir. Of the several children born, not one remains. The Scottish peer can know no greater disappointment, and always upon the desolation of her own heart must Macbeth's wife bear this knowledge. Driven from its natural channels all the power of her woman's nature has sought its one outlet—desire for her husband. To *her* embittered mind, she has received no mercy; *she* will not render it again. Be Macbeth's ambition, his plans for happiness, what they may, his wife will find the way.—Hark! she is here; a graceful, beautiful, highborn lady, the step, the voice, the bearing we do not mistake it. In the small dainty hands there is a letter. That letter we all know it. It is written for the purpose it achieves. She knows Macbeth's ambitious desires. She believed in his right to the throne—the casting of a ballot had made Duncan king, and not her honored lord. She is attached to her husband, it would be her glory to exalt him. They have often spoken of the wrong which rankles in Macbeth's breast. To her he is noble, daring, powerful to command, a worthy ruler for Scotland. She has seen how his spirit chafes in his inferior position, viewing the meek and quiet Duncan in the place he deemed his own. Though history speaks of a lady Macbeth who was consumed with longing for a crown, let us not confound her with the Lady Macbeth of Shakespeare

*She* says not a word of her own desire for greatness ; it is always her husband who is to be exalted. Her fine (not noble) organization fired with nervous energy and keen sensibility enables her to see always Macbeth's discontent. He has been absent now in the very heart of danger, fighting for Duncan, and the letter is from his hands. Only read that letter :

"They met me in the day of success : and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge." He believes in them, he knows they speak the future, she has confidence in his judgment, he need not explain how he knows this. "While I stood wrapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor ;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, King that shall be !'"

"This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Every syllable is laid there. It is but too plain that he has sent it ahead that she may read the purpose in his mind which he does not attempt without her. Macbeth is already inflamed with the desire to murder Duncan—and he has shown it clearly when Malcolm is pronounced the 'Prince of Cumberland.'

"That is a step on which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, for in my way it lies."

And Lady Macbeth, what of her ?

A passionate, excitable, resolute woman whose keen intellect has leaped at once to the germ and meaning of that letter. A woman—who sees in her husband, to whom she is loyal in heart and deed, a vaulting ambition that will only cease when it has attained. Flushed with enthusiastic zeal, with overpowering determination to accomplish this end at any cost, unmindful of Macbeth's selfish cowardice that leaves the plans and means, that will exalt him, to a woman, and that woman his wife, her strong and maddened spirit scorns everything but the great end, leaps over all the miserable and insuperable difficulties in the way, all the consequent hypocrisy and crime, the horrid bloody details and finds the act that will bring to her lord the attainment of his desires. Every faction of brain and body bend to this, and during the hours that follow until after the murder, we behold her in an unnatural, frenzied state, steeling herself to see only this one thing : "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be what thou art promised."—"Hie thee hither, that I may pour

my spirits in thine ear, and chastise with the valour of my tongue, all that impedes thee from the golden round which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem to have thee crowned withal."

And yet she is not sure of herself. Her eyes have never looked on bloodshed, though she has heard from her youngest years of wars and strife. For heroes have taken life whenever it impeded their way, and why not now her husband ? She recognizes no fear of God to stay her hand, and what is the fear of man to that dauntless spirit ?

But when Duncan's coming that night is announced, and she realizes in a moment that the time and place are fitting, the woman within her cries out to be unsexed that she may with her superior will and firmness guide the man who trusts to her. In the midst of a desperate, yet touching appeal, to the unknown and unseen to rob her of every womanly attribute and fill her "from the crown to the toe top-full of direst cruelty," Macbeth enters, and in a few words she lets him understand that his letter has found the audience it sought.

"Thy letters have transported me beyond this ignorant present, and I feel now the future in the instant."

Not one word of questioning or greeting from Macbeth, but the thought that is feeding on heart and brain reveals itself :

"My dearest love, Duncan comes here to-night. Quietly with every nerve strained, she asks, 'And when goes hence ?' The reply, 'To-morrow, as he proposes,' strikes flint to the steel, and in reckless, desperate fervour she pours forth the way.

"Oh never  
Shall sun that morrow see !  
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters."

She reads the wicked purpose, the unlawful desire, the shrinking fear, and so adds, with generous impulse, as though it were a goodly deed :

"He that's coming must be provided for : and you shall put this great night's business into my dispatch." Still no sound from Macbeth. He allows her to take the *initiative* and follows willingly where he would be led. The entire abandon of the woman in this scene, the bending of every nerve to the accomplishment of this night's great business "which shall to all their nights and days to come give solely sovereign sway and masterdom," must hush for a moment our cry of horror in a feeling of awe, inspired by that strength of purpose, that unflinching resolution, that wild enthusiastic spirit that might

have reached the greatest heights under a purer guidance.

After a most courteous and graceful greeting to Duncan, Lady Macbeth appears before us later in the night at the close of her husband's soliloquy, when he is wavering, not for conscience' sake, not for pity's sake, nor fear of Heaven's judgment. He has a man's dark prevision of the means, a comprehensive knowledge of the difficulties and consequences; she sees nothing in her blind frenzy but the glory of the end. "That but this blow might be the be-all and the end-all," these are her words. "Here, upon this bank and shoal of time, we'd jump the life to come." But Macbeth understands the result, he fears to teach the "bloody instructions, which being taught return to plague the inventor." He remembers the outrage to the law of hospitality sacred to the rude highlander: he is his host who should against his murderer shut the door! He recalls the virtues of Duncan that 'will plead like angels trumpet tongued against the deep damnation of his taking off.' He is paralyzed as the thought of the horrid deed blown in every eye appears to him, and weakly confesses, 'I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent, but only vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself and falls on the other.' There is no noble feeling here. It is what Lady Macbeth mistakes for the milk of human kindness. He is a coward "letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'" and drops down spiritless, waiting her to prepare the way. And she is ready. Hurling along by a whirlwind of passion and resolve, she views the deed as a necessary and easy means to gain that which they esteem the ornament of life, and with courage born of ignorance of the wretched following to Duncan's murder, she comes upon her husband with great power. In her fervid, convincing eloquence, her dexterous way of removing all obstacles, overcoming all objections, his wavering spirit finds the impetus it needs. She knows the man! To be king, to sit upon the throne of Scotland where his valiant spirit shall have unfettered sway is his absorbing ambition. Though he waver now, though he be deterred by fear, the desire is not destroyed, it will wake again; and she is wrought up to the deed. The time and place are fitting. She can make the way easy before him. She can aid him by her bearing, her self-possession to seem innocent of the deed. When it is done, joyful thought, they will think on it no more. It is the shortening of a life well nigh run out, of a life that should expect no mercy from

her race, and the crowning of a man who is her king with the full fruition of his desires. I cannot tell that she had noble plans for their reign, that this one black deed was to be smothered by an after-life of atoning effort: but this we do know, she was unprepared for more murders. She had thought of the one step, not of the many to hold that firm.

Lady Macbeth seems now to have attained her prayer, to be filled 'from the crown to the toe top-full of direst cruelty.' Soul and body are absorbed in this most terrible feat. He is, indeed chastised 'with the valour of her tongue;'

"Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire?"

She recalls their former conversations, alludes to his breaking of the enterprise to her at some past time,

"Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Does unmake you."

Then follows that sickening and heartrending allusion to her child which seems to assure us that she is beside herself, and in rapid breath she clears his path of the last obstacle in her reply to his trembling question, 'if we should fail?' Although fired with purpose to do the deed, filled with golden expectations of the days to come, Lady Macbeth is not unmindful of a possible defeat. She is no coward to hesitate upon the chance of failure. All the dark fatalism, consistent with her character, combined with its intense energy, is embodied in the reply,

"We fail."  
But screw your courage to the sticking place and we'll  
not fail."

He is convinced and the guilty pair separate to

"Mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know."

A little later, and the wretched, shuddering man, held close in superstition's thrawl, stung and emboldened by his wife, creeps on to do the deed. A moment more, and Lady Macbeth is watching and waiting without. 'He is about it.' She is still unflinching and shows no sign of faltering, no fear of God or man. She knows no law of God, she will brave that of man. Alas! she even believes that had he not resembled her father as he slept, she had done it! A stealthy step warns her to prepare to meet her guilty husband whose trembling lips inform her, "I've done the deed." The wonderful constraint

she has now upon herself, while her husband is overcome in agony of fear, in the remembrance of the horrible deed that will revert to him, astound us. Calmly the soothing, indifferent words drop from her lips and only once do we catch a glimpse of the struggle within. "These deeds must not be thought after these ways; so, it will make us mad." The glimpse is fleeting, she is imperturbable again. "Why, worthy thane, you do unbend your noble strength, to think so brain-sickly of things. Go get some water, and wash this filthy witness from your hand."

Macbeth's misery now is truly pitiful, even though it does not seem born of repentance or remorse of conscience. Such a feeling we cannot reconcile to the wholesale murdering of the aftertime. "I'm afraid to think what I have done; look on't again I dare not." It is she who carries the daggers to their place and returns to her husband calm and assuring.

Hours after in the early morning Macbeth alarms the castle, bids them; "Approach the chamber and destroy the sight with a new gorgon." Lady Macbeth has only a few disjointed words of surprise, and the bow bent too far springs back while her husband confesses the murder of the grooms and describes their victim as he lay in death:

"Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade."

This scene she had not pictured. The necessary murder of the helpless, drunken grooms by her husband's hand, she had not foreseen. All the details, all the miserable train of lies, of hypocrisy, falseness, she had not counted. Only she has rushed on breathless to the deed; and what a deed! It is before her soul now, clear, horrible, distinct. Upon the faces of those stout warriors, whose eyes are used to bloodshed and their ears to tales of death, she sees the ghastly reflections of her crime. Her husband has shaped it into words; he has pronounced a just verdict upon the murderer.

"Who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make 's love known?"

And she is the murderer! This beautiful woman, this highborn lady with small, white hands. The blood is washed from those hands; but it has dropped into her soul. The 'passage to remorse' was not securely 'stopped up.' The mental, moral organization is stunned, prostrated with the blow

never to again recover. She may rally for a time, but remorse sure and consuming has fastened upon that powerful spirit. The strained nerves give way, the unnatural intoxication is dissipated, and Lady Macbeth is carried fainting to her chamber.

On the night of the banquet, sadly she admits to herself;

"Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content:  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy."

She has bartered life and soul for glory. To hold it by a course of crime is not possible. She can go no more, no further. Summoning her great powers of self-command to her, using every encouragement to her husband, she will fight against despair. This is not the end she saw, but miserably unsafe as it is, she will accept it. She will meet unflinchingly the fate she has deserved, not seek to avert it by wading in deeper. Immediately upon the entrance of Macbeth she is ready with words of cheer. Her own despair is crowded down that he may pour his griefs and fears into her already overcharged heart.

Throughout the banquet while he is again a prey to the fancies of his hallucinated brain, how full of grace of manner, how greatly in command of herself does Lady Macbeth seem, welcoming her guests, re-assuring them, and throwing fire and force into every aside to him. In every possible way, she attempts to calm him. With severity; 'Are you a man?' With ridicule, 'when all's done, you look but on a stool.' With kindness, 'My worthy lord, your noble friends do lack you.' Last of all, with biting sarcasm: "You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting, with most admired disorder." All is vain. He is utterly unmanned, looking on that 'which might appal the devil,' and in a few graceful words, the guests are dismissed. The 'ruby' had not faded from her cheek, during this most trying interview, but we can only believe that though the face and outward demeanor continued natural, the heart was sickening and growing pale in absorbing despair. When they are alone, not one word of rebuke or questioning escapes her. She could command herself while the occasion demanded, but she can no longer 'chastise with the valour of her tongue.'

Come with me to the closing scene. We have no reason to believe that she encouraged the murder of Banquo, of Lady Macduff and her children. It is not probable that she suspected Macbeth's designs upon them. It is hardly possible, however, that he neglected



to rave in poetical strains of regret when the deeds were done; and doubtless these increasing crimes have added weight upon weight to the sorely burdened heart. Out of the man she loved, the man she wished to exalt, she has made a common murderer. She has urged him to the first crime, has overcome his fears, has assured him that a little water cleans them of the deed, and forbid him to think on it more. And all this, only to stand, at last, face to face with her own soul, shuddering and horror-stricken at the ruin written in plainest letters there. They are murderers, deep-dyed: out of one desperate act has grown the murder of helpless children, of innocent men and women, a life of lying, falseness and anguish she could not foresee. It is too much, remorse strong as her nature, unyielding as her purpose, hopeless as her guilt has overcome her now. The disappointment and despair, not one word of which has ever escaped her, the pent-up agony of her soul, pushed down to bear the full measure of Macbeth's poetical whinings and fears, is told when the will is sleeping. Is this the woman we first saw flushed with dazzling hope and undaunted metal? Where is the ruby of her cheek now, where is the gleam of the eyes, why is the face so pale and the tread so slow? The stinging, cruel words have turned to heart-breaking sighs upon her lips. Macbeth raves in his terror of murdered sleep, but it is she, his wife, who shall sleep no more. For her there is no repose. 'Here's a spot.' It will not out. Night after night she has washed it too, and yet it is there. Remember the light words of that awful night; 'a little water cleans us of the deed?' So stained, so foul is that little hand with guilt now, that all Arabia's countless perfumes can never cleanse it. The chaos within is revealed which all the tortures of the rack could not have drawn from her in conscious life. Helpless, unconscious, the will power dormant, she tells it all: 'The Thane of Fife

had a wife: where is she now?' How changed the meaning of the old words, 'what's done cannot be undone.' Alas! it cannot, and she gives over the struggle. A little while and that miserable breast with all its accumulation of remorse, of disappointment is lifeless.

This is the golden round, this the esteemed ornament of life, this the sovereign sway and masterdom of all the days and nights. This is the power that none could call to account.

Where are the spirits that would unsex her and fill her from the crown to the toe top-full of direst cruelty, 'stop up the access and passage to remorse?' Where, the murdering ministers waiting on nature's mischief that should change her woman's milk to gall and 'thick nightpalled in the dunnest smoke of hell' to hide the blow? All have failed her. The knife has seen the wound it made, the hope was drunk in which she dressed herself: it has waked now 'to look so green and pale at what it did so freely.' She is a woman still, shorn of every hope of peace. She knew not God in her day of pride nor took his power to account in that hour of sin; she does not approach him now. That bark so well built and strong, borne out by mastering winds, has stranded and the deep waters of remorse have gone over it. But had those sails been reefed with purity of purpose and that rudder guided by faith in God—what glorious port might it have reached!

So remembering her from that moment of awful temptation on to the wretched, pitiful end, what shall we say of her? Would she, who had never reared a child, have killed the infant at her breast to keep an oath? Would she have murdered Duncan, had he not resembled her father as he slept? And if—the moment of frenzy past—she had viewed the crime in its true horror, would any power of heaven or hell have induced her, desperate, daring, unchristian woman as she was to urge the deed?—I think not.

*E. S. Emery*

## HOLLINGBURY COPSE.

J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS, is a gentleman as well known in America to the fraternity of Shakespearians, as he is in Europe ; and I may truthfully add, he is as much revered and beloved here as he possibly can be in his native country. Whether as James Orchard Halliwell, or as J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, LL. D., and member of a dozen learned societies, this distinguished scholar and antiquary has given his fortune, and almost half-a-century of his life, to the illustration of the works and life of Shakespeare. His magnificent edition of the works of the poet, in sixteen large Folios, the most sumptuous and elaborate complete edition ever issued, and of which one cannot but regret to say, there were but one hundred and fifty copies printed for subscribers, is a *monumentum ære perennius*, a possession that will be as immortal as the works themselves ; and besides this, the publicly and privately printed volumes, large and small, on every subject connected with the poet, whose number may be reckoned by the score, and almost by the hundred, attest his industry, zeal, and learning. The later years of his life have been devoted particularly to illustrating the *life* of the great dramatist. He has visited every city, town, and borough of England, where there was a possibility that the poet, or his contemporary fellow-actors or play-wrights, had ever been, ransacking libraries, old archives, corporation-records, diaries, etc., in hope of discovering the least fragment of intelligence that would throw a glimmer of light on the subject. The latest outcome of this labour of love is the noble volume of "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," published for the good of the world of letters at a merely nominal price ; and is the only comprehensive biography that is perfectly trustworthy, which we now possess. However, it is not my intention here to enter into any description or criticism of his publications ; but I have thought that a brief sketch of his home and home-life would be interesting ; and I am fortunately able, through the kind permission of Mr. S. Timmins, of Birmingham, to copy a portion of a private letter, in which that gentleman gives an account of a visit he made to Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, a short time ago. I should add, that Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps is not only an eminent and laborious scholar, but one of the kindest-hearted and most unassuming of

men, a *gentleman* from Nature's best mould. He has more than once given a cordial invitation to American Shakespearians to visit him whenever they chanced to be in England, and look at his unique treasures and books, and taste of his unique wine ; and I have talked with several gentlemen who have accepted his invitation, and who have been unable to find words to express their gratification at his kindness and hospitality. To such men as Halliwell-Phillipps, "One touch of *Shakespeare* makes the whole world kin."

Referring to his visit, Mr. Timmins writes : "You leave Brighton-by-London, or London *super* Mare, drive by the famous (or *in*-famous) Pavilion, sacred (or otherwise) to the orgies of George IV., and drive slowly up the long hill, from the height of which you look down on Brighton proper : and passing lots of small houses and along a chalky road, you get on to the Downs, and have a splendid view over Brighton, of the great, open, dark-blue sea. The road becomes less and less civilized, at length only a one-horse track over open fields, still rising till you get near the village of Ditchling, and still higher beyond you, looking North all the way, you see the fine, grand outline of the old British Hollingbury Camp. On the slope on your left, in a blazing sun, and amongst almost treeless Downs, you are startled by about thirty galvanized cowls of zinc, chimney pots of iron, said cowls revolving wildly in every conceivable direction in the brisk and breezy wind. You see a lot of low, single-story sheds, all only ground-floor buildings—regular shanties or Bungalows—on the slope towards the valley on your left. You stop at a low gate, which opens for you ; (it does *not* for everybody, and is somewhat jealously guarded,) drive past a small lodge and outbuildings, and arrive at the chief door of the Bungalow.

"Your first impression is that you are in some sort of an earthquake country, and that you will feel the ground rock under your feet. Your next, when you have had a minute for reflection, that you are in some gunpowder manufactory, where all the buildings are wood and are isolated, to minimize the risks of an explosion. You hear a cheery 'Hallo !' You see a handsome figure about six feet high, under a rough Japanese straw hat, without any band or any trimming, slouched carelessly over a short iron-grey beard ; and then you make out in the shadow a pleasant smile all

over the face, and bright, clear dark-blue eyes, which beam a hearty welcome. A loose, light overcoat, a careless vest, plain common gray trousers, and loose easy shoes, complete an attire which looks 'backwoods,' or Livingstone, when Stanley exclaimed 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume.'—'Well, at last you are come!'—'Send off the cab; come in and let's be jolly!' And you see at once you will be.

"Another figure is not to be forgotten soon; a pretty, quiet, graceful little lady, of say 25 or 26, with dark lustrous eyes, a pleasant, modest manner, and just a trifle of delicate health on rather a pale face. Another hearty welcome, as we have both met before at pleasant Stratford, whence the lady comes.

"You turn and look on your right, and over the door, in a long line of bold letters, you read: 'Come hither, Come hither, Come hither; Here shall you see no enemy but winter and rough weather!' You pass on along a narrow hall into an open-roofed, handsome room, with a homely look all over it; and a snowy cloth and tea cups, suggestive of an early meal. You are offered a bumper of some rare and precious rich brown sherry, and some biscuits, to refresh you, as an interim dividend before you sit down, an hour or two later, to a pleasant dinner. Then you are taken about long corridors, carpeted, from one room to another, a dainty little drawing-room (up three steps), then another carpeted corridor, and up six steps, to *such* a jolly little room, sacred to *smoke*, (for your host does *not* smoke), with all needful materials for reading and writing, (if you feel suddenly inspired with a poem!) and, with a curious delicacy of genuine and thoughtful hospitality, some packets of *stamped* envelopes ready to your hand.

"Adjoining is a pleasant room where you are to 'perch' for the night. You are specially exhorted *not* to pull the braided bell-pull near the bed, but—to squeeze the pearl-like boss, as pneumatic bells remind you that you are *not* outside of civilization yet. Your room is charming—on the ground-floor; a French door-window opens on to the lawn—in case of alarm of fire. Then you go to see the separate shanties, (more corridors) in which the cellar (with the sherry), the kitchens, etc., are arranged, altogether, you find some twenty or more separate rooms; and you find that you are not the only guest, but that you have a pleasant party besides the host and hostess.

"Another corridor, and then another room. A waste-paper bin, 12 feet long and 3 feet wide, and nearly full of fragments (See "Notes and Queries" of this day, October 20th, for

a reference to it, as the *ONLY* thing which Americans admit to be bigger than anything of the kind they have in the United States.) Then, ah, then! *the* room; open-timbered, plain varnished pine, many-windowed, many-book-cased, with an 'In Memoriam' *silhouette* of the daughter of Sir Thomas Phillipps (the first Mrs. Halliwell, a very charming lady, who died after mental illness, some years ago, and whose loss for some years blighted a life). Ah, the treasures! not many books, but oh, so rare! The unique Droeshout print which cost one hundred guineas; the rare Quartos; the Morley's First Book of Ayres (1600) [As You Like It], unique; the Burbage Deed of 1612; the Love's Labour's Lost, 1578; Troy, 1596; Henry IV, 1578; Poems, 1640; Wit's Treasury, 1598; stained glass of 1615 from New Place; Hall's Diary, 1657; Lear, 1608, &c. &c. (Unfortunately all these are under lock and key, except in the presence of the owner). All sorts of useful work-books; Register of the issues of the privately printed books; old MSS: engravings; letter-books; all in admirable order, make you make up your mind that when all is quiet you will 'burgle' and 'bolt!'

"At dinner you find yourself with the two maiden ladies who are the custodians of Shakespeare's Birth-place, and a very pleasant 'Literary'—T. Dillon Croker, the son of Crofton Croker, and the very best imitator you ever *can* know. He can not only imitate an actor, but at least fifty; can read or rather recite, a whole scene, giving you Fechter, Rachel, Sothorn, Compton, Harley, Keeley, Buckstone, everybody, anybody, till you could close your eyes and hear all the best actors of the modern English stage. What a party! and what an evening! in the little drawing-room! and what a talk in the little smoke-room, (till *what* hours!) between two of the guests who shall *not* be named.

"And then on the bright and breezy next morning, what a stroll through the wild little 'Copse' to the huge Hollingbury Camp! All its main vallum, etc., as clearly seen as when defended by Britons two thousand years ago!

"Well, here I must stop; but I promised you this much, and I thought you would be interested in a little sketch of one whom you all admire, and who deserves all praise. Our friend has several libraries in other places; but his work-a-day books are with him at the 'Copse;' and it is a place to be seen, and then never to be forgotten."

Mr. Sam. Timmins, the writer of the above, is himself an ardent Shakespearian, better known, perhaps, by his deeds than by

his writings ; though his book—"The Devonshire Hamlets"—is a valuable contribution to Shakespearian literature, much sought for and now very scarce. Although, until recently, the active partner and manager of a large manufacturing establishment in Birmingham, Mr. Timmins has made himself very

popular by his literary and scientific "Lectures," and it is chiefly through his zeal and energy that the present unique "Shakespeare Memorial Library" of Birmingham, has attained its comprehensive and almost complete proportions. His letter is addressed to Dr. H. H. Furness, of Philadelphia.

*Joseph Cooshy.*

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THE DEAD LION.

ONLY a player ; and his ancestry  
 Derived from yeoman sires ! From such a line  
 How could there spring an intellect divine ?  
 Shakespeare ? Oh, no ! No mighty soul was he :  
 In Bacon, Raleigh, the true Shakespeares see.  
 Doth light of genius condescend to shine  
 On lowly heads ? Would Heaven with large design  
 Godlike endow one of the yeomanry ?  
 Thus chatter they who to the mystery  
 Of a great soul would find a brazen key,  
 Or figure poesy up like a paltry sum.  
 So when a lion dies base jackals come  
 To rend the kingly, and make hideous night  
 With obscene howling o'er his fallen might.

*William Leighton Jr.*

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## SHAKESPEARIAN CHARACTERS.

### I.—CONSTANCE.

Among all the heroines of Shakespeare, there is no figure that stands out before us more vividly, touched with more dramatic power, than that of Constance.

In the background are the selfish kings—the mean-souled usurper John, the inconstant Philip, the time-server Austria, and the politic, wily Cardinal, who plays upon the passions of all, balancing one against another, in the interests of the Papacy.

The figure of Constance stands out a splendid bas-relief, lit up by the glow of passion and intensest feeling and illumined with an artist-soul. She appears as a generous, high-spirited, impulsive woman; a pure and loving wife; ardent and impetuous in feeling, often rash and inconsiderate in action: just the one to find her confidence betrayed, taken advantage of, by unscrupulous enemies, and to be maddened by the consciousness of her own utter helplessness. This it is that causes the torrent of her passion to sweep over all obstacles, to defy all redress. She realizes, as a woman of less powerful intellect and imagination would not do, the hopelessness of her situation. She does not appear to have been naturally a vindictive or ambitious person. She is introduced upon the scene, pleading against unadvised and unnecessary bloodshed; and even when the Fates have declared against her, and her darling son is gone into hopeless captivity, she seems to nourish no thought of revenge. Nor is she a mere scolding, frenzied woman. When brought face to face with her great injurer, Elinor, who bore her personal envy and hatred, she indeed meets scorn with scorn, defiance with defiance; but her anger is loftier far, as it is more unselfish in its motives and bears down the rancorous spite of her mother-in-law.

It is as the mother of Arthur, the rightful possessor of England as well as Bretagne, and doing battle on behalf of an oppressed and innocent child, that we must consider her.

Nowhere else has Shakespeare so depicted the maternal character with all its forceful springs of action: its deep tenderness, its loving pride, its self-abnegation, its tenacity of purpose, its measureless indignation, and its passionate despair. Volumina was a proud and tender mother, but it is as the Roman

matron, placing patriotism above even maternal affection, that we admire her. Hermione found speech at the kiss of Perdita, but it is the dignified patience and gentle submission of the injured wife that clothes her with undying beauty. But, though Constance has other noble qualities—fine intellect, quick, keen wit, powerful imagination,—it is her intense, absorbing devotion as a mother that has immortalized her for all ages. We see her as the wounded lioness, caught in the toils, despairing of escape, yet battling to the death in defence of her offspring. Her one object in life is her boy; bereft of him, she cares nothing for lands or crown or life. Stung with the sense of her bitter injuries, lashed by helplessness into sheer desperation, the torrent of her passion sweeps along, gathering strength and volume until she is broken to pieces against the hard, cold rocks that oppose her. Too proud to bend or submit, she dies, utterly consumed by sorrow.

And yet, we find a want in her character, which seems to have been vehement rather than strong—highly sensitive, easily moved by external forces, whether friendly or hostile, but with a certain want of wariness and reserve, lacking self-reliance and resource, fortitude to “underbear” her woes, and resignation to the will of Heaven. Constance, in Hermione’s place, would not have preserved herself sixteen years, on such slight hope as the oracle could give, “to see the issue.” Her religious faith, too, though real, for she looks forward to seeing her boy in Heaven, and appeals with fine fervor from the perjury of men to the eternal justice of God, was yet not a practical power in her life, and failed to teach her patience.

There are still two salient points in the character of Constance to which we have made but a passing allusion: her ready wit and wondrous imagination. How cleverly she fences with Elinor! how keen her shafts in the hide of Austria! how she sees through his knavish nature, his cowardly, calculating policy, that would not venture his skin but where success seemed certain!

And then, mark the creative force of her imagination. How she “*bodies forth* the forms of things unseen!” How touching

and suggestive is the imagery with which she surrounds the figure of grief, personating her absent son, while she sees *him* wasting away in captivity! How wonderful her conception of Death!—not second even to that of Juliet in the vault of the Capulets; how we see, with her eyes, the fleshless monster advancing towards us, and shrink with horror from his

ghastly embrace! Altogether, we must confess that this grand impersonation by the master's hand yields to none in its life-like lineaments; none exercises a stronger fascination over us, attracting by its intense womanliness, dominating by the splendor of its imagination, the ardor of its sympathies, the energy of its will.

*Margaret Sabella Tucker*

Hampton Park, Bristol, England.

## THE PORTRAITS OF SHAKESPEARE.

### XIV. THE ZOUST PORTRAIT.

In 1725, or thereabouts, a mezzotint by I. Simon was published, which claimed to represent Shakespeare. It stated, underneath the print, that it was from a painting by Zoust, "in the collection of T. Wright, Painter, in Covent Garden." Malone, in his edition of Shakespeare published in 1790, pointed out that if it was the work of Zoust (or Soest) it must have been a copy from some other artist, as the earliest known picture painted in England by Zoust was dated 1657. Another important fact is that Zoust gives his age on the frame of one of his pictures as thirty years in 1667, so he must have been born in 1637, which was twenty-one years after Shakespeare's death.

Malone also stated that he believed that the picture from which Simon's mezzotint was made was in the possession of Mr. Douglas, of Teddington, near Twickenham.

Wivell saw William Douglas, who told him that the picture had been in his family for sixty years, but could not trace it any further. That Garrick and Sir Joshua Reynolds had seen and admired it while in the possession of Mr. Douglas' father; and that Sir Joshua was very anxious to become its owner.

Both Mr. Douglas and Wivell did not think that the former's picture was the one from which Simon copied his mezzotint, however, as Malone had described the picture as being twenty-four inches by twenty, while Douglas' picture was described in a sale catalogue of Sotheby's (by whom it was advertised for sale) as twenty inches by sixteen.

Douglas' picture was in the possession of Triphook, the London bookseller, for some time, and is described by Boaden as "pleasing and well painted" but not as fine as the original of Simon's print must have been.

This original Boaden believed to be in some one of the houses of the nobility.

Simon's mezzotint represents a face very different from any of the accepted portraits of Shakespeare. The face has a delicate expression, and is shown in a three-quarter view. The hair is profuse and curling, and of a brown color, covering the top of the head; the beard, which is full, is slight, and the moustache very slight. The collar is somewhat like that of the Chandos portrait, but without strings. The costume is rich, but plainly made.

Wivell states that "Mr. Booth, Bookseller," had a small copy of this portrait by Cosway, which was purchased at the sale of that artist's effects for about twenty pounds. This same copy is now owned by Mr. Lionel Booth, to whom all lovers of the poet are indebted for his marvellously accurate reprint of the First Folio.

Douglass sold his picture to Sir John Lister Raye, Bart., of The Grange, near Wakefield, Yorkshire, for four hundred pounds, prior to 1827. This was the largest price ever paid for a portrait of Shakespeare, as the Chandos portrait only sold for three hundred and fifty-five guineas in 1848.

An excellent copy of Simon's mezzotint was engraved by W. Holl, for Wivell's *Inquiry*, 1827.

### XV. THE ZUCCHERO PORTRAIT.

This portrait was formerly in the possession of R. Cosway, R. A., at whose house Boaden saw it. Cosway claimed that it was an original portrait of Shakespeare.

It was on panel, and on the back of the picture were the words Gugliem Shakspeare.

It could not have been painted by Zuccherò, for it represents a man of at least thirty years of age, and Shakespeare having been born in

1564, his portrait, representing him of that age, could not be the work of an artist who left England about 1580. He came to England, from Flanders, in 1574, and while he remained in Great Britain painted two portraits of Queen Elizabeth, and one of Queen Mary of Scotland. He was only in England for five or six years, and was compelled to leave the country on account of having painted some of the Pope's officers with asses' ears, over the gate of St. Luke's Church.

Nothing further is known concerning the history of this portrait. Cosway did not give Boaden any information, beyond his belief that it was an original picture by Zuccherò.

The picture is of life size, in an oval, and delicately painted. It represents Shakespeare leaning on his right elbow. His hand supports his head, and the eyes look directly at the observer. The eyes are very singular, being oblique and somewhat like a cat's. The hair is very thick and black, the beard full and dark, while an enormous collar, open very low at the neck, falls over the shoulders. The costume is very plain. On the table on which the poet leans his arm are some papers. Boaden thought it resembled Torquato Tasso more than Shakespeare, judging from the latter's accepted portraits. It certainly is very unlike any portrait of Shakespeare, and the eyes alone are enough to condemn it as a picture of the great poet.

A mezzotint was made from this portrait by Henry Green, which was coarsely done, and very unlike the original picture.

W. Holl engraved a well executed plate from the picture itself, which was published in Wivell's *Inquiry*, in 1827.

#### XVI. THE DUNFORD PORTRAIT.

In Great Newport Street, London, there formerly lived a print-seller named Dunford, who became the owner of this portrait about 1814. He purchased it from Edward Holder, a repairer of old paintings, for four guineas. Wivell ascertained that it was a forgery, and that it had been altered from a picture which Holder purchased for a few shillings. Holder's plan of altering pictures, as described by one Kettle to Wivell, was by scraping off portions of the old painting with a knife, and then touching them up. A Mr. Hilder saw Holder at work on this very portrait, while it was being converted into one of Shakespeare. James Parry, an engraver, who lived in the same house with James Caulfield, (the latter possessing considerable knowledge of ancient portraits,) was present when Holder brought the picture (previous to its alteration) to Caulfield for his inspection. The latter, in

Parry's presence, told Holder that it was a portrait of a Dutch Admiral, but that with some alterations, it "would make a very good Shakespeare!"

W. Smith, a print-seller, stated that Holder brought the picture to him, and bought from him a couple of prints of Shakespeare.

When the picture was first altered, it was offered for sale to Mr. Kettle, for three pounds ten shillings. The offer was declined, and then Holder tried to sell it to Smith, but he also declined it. Caulfield was present when Holder brought it to the latter, and complimented the forger on his successful alteration. Subsequently Dunford purchased it for four pounds ten shillings; and while it was in his possession great numbers of people came to see it. Finally Dunford sold it for one hundred guineas to George Evans, Esq., of Beckinham, Kent. Considering that Dunford had only paid the forger four pounds ten shillings for it, this must be said to have been a very profitable sale to Dunford. Later it was sold at auction for forty guineas, at a sale of Evans' pictures, and purchased again by Dunford, under a commission given him by William Cattley, Esq.

Finally Wivell learned where Holder was living, and applied to him for information as to this picture. In reply Holder wrote Wivell as follows:—

"February 22nd, 1827.

"Sir:—

"I have received your letter of the 19th instant, and in answer to your request, I will give every particular of the portrait I sold to Mr. Dunford, as a Shakespeare, (except the way by which I did it.)

"I bought the picture in New Turnstile, Holborn, for five shillings. It had been a large panel picture, of which this was the centre board, which I also reduced in order to make it more shapeable. I hung it up for some time in my painting room, as a study, for I admired it much. At last a thought came into my head, that it might be made into a Shakespeare, which I had never before attempted. Mr. Zincke, who then worked with me, approved of my plan, and I accordingly did so; without bestowing much time, as I did not intend to ask a large price. The body-garment was originally white, the ear-ring, with other requisites, I put. When done, I added to it a frame; which I think cost me thirty shillings; and offered the whole to Mr. Dunford for five pounds. After he had looked at it for some time, he bid me four pounds ten shillings, which I accepted. Some few days after, Mr. Dunford came, and told me that I had sold him a great bargain, for which he would not take a thousand pounds. I was requested to call on him. I did so, and seeing him so very sanguine of his great bargain, I hoped he would not refuse a good offer when made, as I knew more about the picture than he imagined. To which he answered sharply, What, Sir, do you mean to

say it is painted by yourself? To which I made no reply. He again made answer, 'I did not know more about it than Mr. West or Sir T. Lawrence, and four hundred other competent judges, but that himself could not be deceived.' I found it was no use talking any more on the subject, so left him, with this observation, that they were blind altogether.

"I have not since then been able to see this picture, but judging from the print, I do not perceive any good has been done by the analyzation it underwent, by my late beloved master, Mr. Hammond, whose abilities, in the art of repairing, was to the greatest perfection.

"It has since been said by Mr. Dunford to some of my friends, that he had made me a present of fifty pounds, but of which I have never received one shilling. I have never been inclined to dupe the world, as many have done in my situation of life; my object has ever been, to sell my pictures cheap. I have a wife and nine children to support, and had I the advantages which others have made by my works, I should not be the poor man I now am.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,  
EDWARD HOLDER,"

"No. 3, Little Cambridge Street, Hackney Road.

As Holder's skill was doubted by Dunford, the former proceeded to make a portrait of a clergyman into one of Oliver Cromwell, which he sent by Zincke to Dunford. It was sold to him by Zincke for four pounds, and it was afterwards seen in Dunford's shop window, where it was doubtless much admired as a portrait of the Lord Protector! It is sad to think of a man, possessing the talent that Holder must have had, prostituting his abilities in this way. No doubt it was his poverty, and not his will, that consented.

The picture is unlike the other portraits of Shakespeare. The features are good—the nose being especially well done. The eyes have a serious expression, the hair is long and curling, the costume simple. A large, plain collar covers the shoulders completely, and has very small strings. The moustache is brushed upwards, and a beard, which is light on the cheeks, covers the chin.

C. Turner engraved a large mezzotint, the size of life, from this portrait in 1815. Only two hundred and fifty copies were printed from the plate, which was then defaced. This has made the prints very rare.

The next year, (1816,) W. Sharp executed a beautiful plate, in his best manner, from the picture. It is surrounded by a neat frame, and is a very attractive print.

W. Holl next engraved the picture in 1827 for Wivell's *Inquiry*. It is very well done, and a good copy of Sharp's print.

In 1870 was published *Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers*, 8vo. This work was written by Henry Green, and on the title page appears a small wood-cut, which bears a striking resemblance to Sharp's engraving of this portrait and Holl's copy of it.

The beard is higher up on the cheek than in those engravings, but that may be a fault of the engraver of the wood-out. It is stated that it is from an oil painting in the possession of Dr. Charles Clay, of Manchester, England. Can it be that Dr. Clay now possesses the Dunford portrait? Mr. Green does not give any pedigree of the picture.

*J. Parker Norris*

## Contributors' Table.

### PRIZE EXAMINATION ON THE PLAY OF *OTHELLO*.

HOLLINS INSTITUTE, June 14, 1884.—[References to "Globe" Shakespeare.]

#### TEXTUAL.

- (1). When was the play of *Othello* published, and how?
- (2). When was *Othello* probably written? Dowden's opinion of it as falling into what period of Shakespeare's literary development?
- (3). Source of the play, and how modified by Shakespeare?

Explain the Shakespearian use of the following words and constructions:

- (4). I. i. 75.—"Do, with like *timorous* accent and dire yell  
As when, by night," etc.
- (5). I. i. 96.—"*The worse* welcome."
- (6). I. i. 126.—"Transported, with no worse nor better guard  
But with a knave of common hire, a *gondolier*."
- (7). I. i. 172.—"*Is there not charms*  
By which the property of youth and maidenhood may be abused?"
- (8). I. iii. 91.—"I will a round unvarnished tale deliver  
*Of my whole course of love*."
- (9). I. iii. 96.—"Of spirit so still and quiet, that her *motion*  
Blushed at herself."
- (10). I. iii. 283.—"With such things else of quality and respect  
*As doth import you*."
- (11). I. iii. 322.—"'Tis in *ourselves* that we are thus or thus."
- (12). I. iii. 395.—"For I mine own gained knowledge should profane,  
If I *would* time expend with such a snipe."
- (13). II. i. 156. { "She that in wisdom never was so frail  
" " 228. { *To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail*."  
                  { "And what delight shall she have to look on the devil?"
- (14). II. iii. 49.—"I'll do it: but it *dislikes me*."
- (15). II. iii. 188.—"How comes it, Michael, you are *thus* forgot?"
- (16). III. i. 44.—"I am sorry  
For your displeasure."
- (17). III. iii. 385.—"I think my wife *be* honest and think she *is* not."
- (18). IV. i. 188.—"I would have him nine years *a-killing*."
- (19). V. ii. 4.—"I'll not shed her blood;  
Nor scar that *whiter skin of hers than snow*."
- (20). V. ii. 161.—"Peace, you *were* best."

Explain the following:

- (21). I. i. 126.—"Transported, with no worse nor better guard  
But with a knave of common hire, a *gondolier*."  
What is the force of Roderigo's remark here?
- (22). I. iii. 143-4-5.—*Cannibals*.—What about the credibility of these lines?  
"And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders."
- (23). I. iii. 162-3.—How to be understood?  
"She wished that heaven had made her such a man."
- (24). III. iii. 23.—"*I'll watch him tame* and talk him out of patience."
- (25). III. iii. 260-3.—  
"If I do prove her *haggard*,  
Though that her *jesses* were my heart-strings,  
*I'd whistle her off* and let her down the wind  
To prey at fortune."
- (26). III. iv. 74.—  
"It was dyed in *mummy* which the skilful conserved of maidens' hearts."
- (27). IV. i. 42-3.—  
"Nature would not invest herself in such *shadowing passion without some instruction*."
- (28). IV. ii. 54-5.—  
"*A fixed figure for the time of scorn*  
*To point his slow unmoving finger at!*"
- (29). V. ii. 109-11.—  
"It is the very *error of the moon*;  
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,  
And makes men mad."
- (30). V. ii. 190-3.—  
"Villany, villany, villany!  
I think upon 't, I think: I smell 't: O villany!  
*I thought so then* :—"

#### ÆSTHETIC.

- (31). Shakespeare's Iago as compared with the original of the character.
- (32). Character and motives of Iago. Is the character a logical and self-consistent one in its developments?
- (33). Do you agree with Schlegel's view that Othello is of the African type?
- (34). Your estimate of his character.
- (35). What is the constraining motive with Othello in killing Desdemona?
- (36). How do you explain the ascendancy which Iago obtains over Othello (III. iii.)?
- (37). Is there anything beyond the natural order of events in the affection between Desdemona and Othello, as is asserted by Brabantio and insinuated by Iago.
- (38). Character of Desdemona, and rank among Shakespeare's women?
- (39). How do you reconcile Desdemona's character as described by Brabantio, and as shown in the handkerchief scene, with her elopement and her bold stand before the Duke's council?



(40). Do we excuse or condemn Desdemona's dying assertion that she killed herself?

(41). How does Othello's suicide affect us as a matter of morals, and as to the dramatic necessities of the play?

(42). What seems to be the relation between Iago and Emilia?

(43). What change does Iago produce in Roderigo's character which enables him to maintain his control over Roderigo up to the very end?

(44). Illustrate by the roles of Roderigo and Emilia the importance to his plays of Shakespeare's secondary characters.

(45). Show from this and other of Shakespeare's important plays the relation of the introductory scenes to the whole play?

(46). The play of *Othello* as a whole; its rank among Shakespeare's plays; its lessons.

#### RICHARD II. ACT II, SCENE I.

In their Preface to the Clarendon Press Series edition of *Richard II.* Messrs. Clark and Wright notice that Shakespeare's "principal, if not sole authority" for the play was Holinshed; and they add, after making one or two exceptions which do not touch the scene under consideration, that besides "the pages of Hall, there is no reason to believe that he consulted any other history." In his Preface to the Leopold Shakspeare, Mr. Furnivall ranks among Shakespeare's "inventions," in the present play "the fine scene between John of Gaunt on his death-bed and his nephew." I think I have discovered the original hint for this scene in the pages of Froissart in a couple of passages, which, while they do not detract from its merits as a piece of original work, are interesting as proving that Shakespeare must have read more widely for his historical studies than is generally supposed. I will let the passages speak for themselves. The edition from which I quote is the translation of Mr. Thomas Johnes, published in two large volumes by Bohn in 1862.

The first passage which come in Froissart's Chronicles, Book IV. Chapter 94, gives the substance of John of Gaunt's complaints about the desperate state of England: as "The Duke of Lancaster was much vexed and melancholy at seeing the king of England, his nephew, thus badly conduct himself, but knew not to whom to open his thoughts. He, like a wise man, considered the consequences that might ensue, and at times said to those he most confided in,—'our nephew will ruin everything before he have done: he too readily listens to evil counsellors, who will destroy him and his kingdom. Should he live long, he will lose little by little all it has cost his predecessors, and us so much pains to gain. He encourages discord between his nobles and great lords, by whom he ought to be honoured and served, and the country guarded. He has put my brother to death [*i. e.* Gloucester], for it is now notorious he ordered it, and likewise the earl of Arundel, because they told

"him the truth; but this he refuses to hear, and will not listen to any one who does not flatter his own imaginations.'" The Duke continues his complaints, instancing other countries as examples "of self-destruction," and adding "We shall be in the same situation unless God prevent it, from the appearance of the present state of affairs."

Froissart's account of John of Gaunt's death is as follows (Chapter 102):—

"It happened that about Christmas-tide, duke John of Lancaster fell dangerously ill of a disorder which ended his life, to the great grief of all his friends. He had been sometime very low spirited, on account of the banishment of his son, whom his nephew, king Richard had forced out of England for a trifling cause, and also for the manner in which the kingdom was governed, which, if persevered in, he foresaw must be its ruin. The king of England, as it seemed, was little affected by his uncle's death, and he was soon forgotten."

Of course Froissart does not bring Richard to his uncle's death-bed, but these two passages seem to me to have suggested the memorable scene in the play.

R. W. BOODLE.

Montreal.

BRISTOL, ENGLAND, April 14th, 1884.

To the Editors of SHAKESPEARIANA:

Gentlemen:—There are now so many societies at work reading Shakespeare that I think the plan which I have used in the society of which I am secretary will be useful to others in similar positions.

As most frequently there will be more characters in the play than members in the society, it becomes necessary, when the play is read in parts, to form groups of characters. In our readings I have always endeavoured that one person should not take more than one character in the same scene. This is most easily arranged by the help of the tables which I have made showing the scenes in which the characters speak. It can thus be seen at a glance how the characters can be most fittingly grouped.

The figures in the scene columns give the number of lines spoken. Thus the grouping can be made not only to carry out the idea I have mentioned, but also to obtain as equal a distribution of the parts as possible. I do not know how I should get on now without the tables. Often the grouping is very difficult to arrange satisfactorily.

In our society (Clifton Shakspeare Society, Bristol, England,) we have seven ladies and eighteen gentlemen as members to whom the parts are allotted. These numbers are very convenient considering the average number of *dramatis persone* in the plays. The male characters range from 12 to 59, and the female from 2 to 10. A form with the members' names printed and giving the groups as arranged is sent to each member who is asked to fill up a full cast, and return to the secretary by whom the final cast is prepared from the votes recorded in the forms. The characters not named in the groups are, of course allotted singly.

L. M. GRIFFITHS.

# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

This Table, compiled from the "Globe" Edition, shows when, and how many lines each character speaks.

Boys, Pages, Prologues, Epilogues, Choruses, Fairies are classed with the female characters.

Most of the discrepancies between the totals of the Scenes in this Table and those in the "Globe" are accounted for by the following:

(a) Where a line of verse is divided between two or more speakers. Each speaker is in this Table credited with a full line.

(b) Where two or more persons speak together the same words, each of the speakers is in this Table credited with the words.

In the other instances the counting of the "Globe" is wrong.

Total No. of Lines.	CHARACTERS.	I	II				III		IV				V		
		I	I	2	3	4	I	2	I	2	3	4	I	2	3
209	SATURNINUS . . . . .	105	.	5	35	.	.	.	.	.	.	55	.	.	9
63	BASSIANUS . . . . .	48	.	1	14	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
303	MARCUS . . . . .	74	.	3	.	47	41	10	47	.	19	.	.	1	61
6	CAPTAIN . . . . .	6	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
718	TITUS . . . . .	136	.	15	9	.	190	73	58	.	76	.	132	29	.
196	LUCIUS . . . . .	30	.	.	.	.	46	.	.	.	.	.	41	.	79
52	CHIRON . . . . .	1	20	.	10	4	.	.	.	13	.	.	.	4	.
94	DEMETRIUS . . . . .	10	33	2	13	6	.	.	.	28	.	.	.	2	.
3	TRIBUNE . . . . .	3	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
4	MUTIUS . . . . .	4	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
28	QUINTUS . . . . .	4	.	.	24	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
31	MARTIUS . . . . .	2	.	.	29	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
4	"ALL" . . . . .	2	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2
355	AARON . . . . .	.	89	.	41	.	19	.	.	110	.	.	86	.	10
7	MESSENGER . . . . .	.	.	.	.	.	7	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
15	PUBLIUS . . . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	9	.	.	6	.
24	CLOWN . . . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	17	7	.	.	.
21	ÆMILIUS . . . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	8	6	.	7
12	1ST GOTH . . . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	11	.	1
21	2D GOTH . . . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	21	.	.
3	3D GOTH . . . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3	.	.
257	TAMORA . . . . .	66	.	.	85	.	.	.	.	.	.	43	.	61	2
58	LAVINIA . . . . .	10	.	2	46	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
44	YOUNG LUCIUS . . . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	2	25	13	.	.	.	.	4
19	NURSE . . . . .	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	19	.	.	.	.	.
2547		501	142	28	306	57	303	85	130	183	121	113	168	206	204
2523	Actual Number of Lines	495	135	26	306	57	301	85	129	180	121	113	165	206	204

Scheme for arranging the parts with eighteen men. Sixteen single characters and two groups.

MARTIUS 4 }  
3RD GOTH 3 } 7

TRIBUNE 3 }  
MESSENGER 7 } 10

## Notes and Queries.

### (49). ON A PASSAGE IN "KING RICHARD III."

"*Duch.*—What comfortable hour canst thou name,  
That ever graced me in thy company?"

*King Richard.*—Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour,  
that call'd your grace  
To breakfast once forth of my company."

*K. Rich. III.*: IV. iv. 173.

In none of the three latest editions of this play, Mr. Rolfe's, Mr. Hudson's, or that by Dr. W. Aldis Wright, in the "Clarendon Press Series," is any attempt made to throw any fresh light on this celebrated *crux*, which is about the only difficult passage in it. While they all give the old explanation of "dining with Duke Humphrey," they unanimously declare it unsatisfactory. They may well do so; to me it has always seemed worse than none at all. It is true that *every person* who has dined or breakfasted with Duke Humphrey—that is to say, fasted during the dinner or breakfast hour—may in a sense be said to have been called out to his or her meal—that is, no meal—by Humphrey Hour; but why should Richard make a special application of this in the case of his mother? Why should the Duchess go without her breakfast anyway? Was she such a person as to be likely ever to breakfast with Duke Humphrey? Or, if she did, why should that, of all hours, be called a "comfortable" hour? In short, the explanation gives neither sense nor point to Richard's repartee, nor can I see any reasonable connection it can be made to have with his reply in any manner. Let us try whether something better cannot be made out of it.

It must be remembered (1) that the king is irritated at being stopped by his mother, and is in no humour to listen to her upbraidings: "If I be so disgracious in your sight, Let me march on." Instead of answering her arguments, his desire is to quibble himself out of her company as quickly as possible. (2) In the old copies, while we have "houre" in the Duchess's speech, we find "*Hower*" in the King's, with a capital letter and italicized, which, while not a certain indication of a *proper name*, at least strongly points to one. With this difference of spelling, note also that "Grace" has a capital. Now when the Duchess says, "that ever graced me in thy company," she means *honoured* me, of course; but in the King's reply, he takes up "graced" in the sense of being *addressed by her title* 'your Grace.' Taking Humphrey Hower, then, to have been the name of some known servant or attendant of the Duchess, when she asks her son,—

"What comfortable *hour* canst thou name,  
That ever graced me in thy company?"

his reply, in effect, is this: "Faith, the only comfortable 'hour' I know of ever having 'graced' your company is *Humphrey Hower*, who called *your Grace* to breakfast once while you were in my company," or, in the Poet's terse language of the Folio:

"*Rich.*—Faith none, but Humfrey Hower,  
That call'd your Grace

To Breakfast once, forth [out] of my company."

He might naturally have been led to speak of the man 'Hower' from his mother having used the expression, "What comfortable hour canst thou *name*?" As also

Master Hower could justly enough be termed "comfortable" when calling a hungry person to a comfortable breakfast. Finally, the King makes his quibble cumulative by proceeding to use the word "*dis-gracious*," with the same meaning the Duchess had originally given to "graced."

This seems to me a simple and easy explanation. It gives at least some sense and consistency to a passage that has hitherto troubled all the commentators. Whether or not it will satisfy them, I cannot say. At all events, it cannot be ranked among the "strained, far-fetched, and over-subtle interpretations," which, Mr. Hudson thinks, are far too much the order of the day among adherents of the original texts.

JOSEPH CROSBY.

Zanesville, O.

### QUESTIONS.

(50). *K. Hen. IV. A. 1. S. II. 20. \* \* \** Fal., "Not so much as will serve to be a prologue to an egg and butter." Does he mean by prologue a grace before meal, and but a *spare* one, since the repast consists of only "an egg and butter?"

(51). *Ibid. 24:* Fal. "Let not us that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty." Please explain the last clause;—what does he mean by "thieves of the day's beauty?"

(52). *Ibid. 36:* P. Hen.—" \* \* \* \* \* got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in:" What does he mean?

(53). *Ibid. 42.* What does the Prince mean by calling Falstaff "My old lad of the castle?"

(54). *Ibid. 78:* P. Hen. "What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?" What was melancholy about Moor-ditch?

(55). *Act II. S. II: 65:* Fal. "Indeed I am not John of Gaunt your grandfather."—Are we to take this to be a pun upon *gaunt* as the opposite of a *fat paunch*?

These are problems to those only who have not access to the best editions (and "our name is Legion"). I hope Shakespearian scholars will give them their attention, for they are doubtless puzzling hundreds of students, as they have long been perplexing

Zanesville, O.

GROATSWORTH.

### (56). *Hamlet* (1-3-74.)

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy: rich, not gaudy:  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
And they in France of the best rank and station,  
Are of a most select and generous chief in that."

Instead of "chief," the folio has *cheff*, which is plainly the compositor's misreading of a word not known to him and probably not legibly written—the French word *classe*. I do not know when this word came into use as English, scholars can tell us that; but it is clearly the word here, the "best rank" being the *select class*, and if not then English—and it is not elsewhere used by Shakespeare—it might well be used by him in speaking of the French at home.

When so amended, the line does not require the clipping out of words found necessary by some editors.

And they in France of the best rank and station,  
Are of a most select and generous class in that.

Chicago, April 10, '84.

J. G. B.

## (57). THE IRISH WORDS IN SHAKESPEARE.

A writer in the *Catholic World* for July—Mr. C. M. O'Keefe—throws a new light on that puzzling passage in "Henry V.," Act IV. Scene IV, in which Pistol enters with a Frenchman and a boy. Pistol addressing the Frenchman says, "Yield cur!" The Frenchman replies—"Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité." "Quality?" exclaims Pistol, mimicking his prisoner, "Calen o cus ture me!"—or, according to some editions, "Calm ie cus ture me!" Samuel Lover says of this passage:—

"Those who are familiar with Shakespeare will remember how much the speech of Pistol in the fourth scene of the fourth act in Henry V. disturbed the repose of the annotators, and what strange hash was made of the imperfect text, until Mr. Malone had the sagacity to perceive that Pistol was repeating the burden of an old song, and that burden was, *Calen o custure me*. That Mr. Malone was right in his conjecture indubitable proof exists, although Mr. Steevens rejected his emendation, etc."

Warburton got over the difficulty of translating Pistol's words by pronouncing them "nonsense;" although, curiously enough, he endeavors with much diligence to translate this "nonsense." He says it should read, "Quality! Cality! construe me; art thou a gentleman?"—which would not be nonsense except in that it was simply a repetition by Pistol of what the Frenchman had already said.

Queen Elizabeth was fond of dancing; and Samuel Lover quotes "*The Talbot Papers*, vol. M. folio 18, given in Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*," to show that Irish music was popular in her court. "We are frolic here at court," writes the Earl of Worcester to the Earl of Shrewsbury. "Much dancing in the privy chamber before the Queen who is much delighted therewith. Irish tunes are at this time most pleasing." This being the case it was possible for Shakespeare to pick up the burden of an Irish song and put it into Pistol's mouth. What Malone says is this:

"In a book entitled *A Handful of Pleasant Delytes*, published in 1584, is a 'sonet of a lover in praise of his mistress to *Calen o custureme*' sung at every line's end. 'Pistol, therefore, we see, is only repeating the burden of an old song, and the words should be undoubtedly printed: 'Quality! *Calen o custure me*. Art thou a gentleman?' etc."

This explanation however, does not satisfy Lover who considers it strange that Malone having discovered so

much does not translate the words. Stephens considers the emendation very curious and says, "When a further ray of light is thrown on the unintelligible words," he will be the first to vote it into the text. Lover tells us that these mysterious words, as translated by "an Irish school-master in London, named Finegan," means "little girl of my heart forever, and ever." But, he goes on to say:

"They mean no such thing, and I cannot but wonder that, with so much literary discussion as has taken place on the subject, the true spelling and consequently the meaning of the burden have remained till now undiscovered. The burden is, *Calen o custure me*, which is an attempt to spell, and pretty nearly represents the sound of, *Colleen oge ashore* (*me* being an expletive or possibly corrupt introduction), and those words mean 'young girl, my treasure.'"

On this the writer in the *Catholic World* remarks, "It is not easy to see how Pistol could be warranted in terming a French soldier 'a little girl.' He might term him 'a treasure' with great propriety, because the Frenchman might be ransomed for money; but 'a little girl' he certainly was not. All these annotators labored under a slight difficulty: they endeavored to translate Irish words *without knowing anything of the Irish language*. To an Irishman Pistol's words are perfectly intelligible. They should be written: *Coilean og, cas tu re me!* The first word (*coilean*) signifies 'whelp, cur, cub, or puppy.' The second word (*og*) signifies 'young.' The third (*cas*) signifies 'turn,' and comes from the verb *casam* (of which it is the imperative mood), meaning 'to turn or wind.' *Tu* signifies 'you.' *Re* signifies 'with,' and *me* 'me.' Thus Pistol with inborn courtesy says: 'You young whelp, turn with me.' In modern Irish we should be more apt to say, '*A coilean og tar liom*.'—You young puppy come with me." This, it is contended, is an explanation of the speech that would make it much more natural as coming from Pistol's mouth than any other that the annotators have suggested. Pistol seems to have said to himself, "This fellow puzzles me by speaking French; but I'll puzzle him by speaking Irish. A Roland for his Oliver!" As to the second version of Pistol's words given in some editions—*Calm ie cus ture me*—the writer in the *Catholic World* says, "If we write these words as they should be written their meaning will be perfectly obvious, viz.: *Gal maith, cas tu re me*—that is, 'Good stranger, turn with me.'"

CLEMENT.

## Shakespeare Societies.

### NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, 30th May, 1884—F. J. FURNIVALL, ESQ., Director, in the Chair.

A paper on "The Sonnets" was read by T. Tyler, Esq., M. A., being the first of two papers on the subject, the second to be read in June. Mr. Tyler began by expressing his belief that (1) the Sonnets were based on facts, (2) that they were written in series, the main division being 1-126, 127-152, and 153-4, (3) that "begetter" meant the inspirer of the Sonnets. He proceeded to deal with the two questions, when were the Sonnets written? and who was Mr. W. H. of the dedication prefixed to the quarto of 1609? With regard to the first question, Mr. Tyler came to the general conclusion that the Sonnets 1-126 were written in the three years from the spring of 1598 to the spring of 1601. Taking the Sonnets 1-126

as forming a single poem, he found several allusions therein to the rebellion of Essex (Feb., 1601). This was alluded to in the "eclipse of the mortal moon," (107), an expression which could not, as maintained by Mr. Massey, refer to the death of Queen Elizabeth, since the point is that the "mortal moon" had "endured" her eclipse, in accordance with the general drift of the sonnet. Indications of the season of the year were also prevalent, as in "this most balmy time" of 107, and 104, besides giving a period of three years as having elapsed since the beginning of the acquaintance between Shakespeare and his friend, also gives special prominence to the season of spring, speaking not only of "three beauteous springs" turned to "yellow autumn," but also of "three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned." So three years from the spring of 1601 brings us to the spring of 1598, when Shakespeare was first introduced to his beautiful young friend Mr.

"W. H." Sonnet 33 seems to hint at the shortness of the time the friendship had already existed: "alack, he was but one hour mine." So in 55, "two contracted new." Another notable indication of date was in the last lines of 124, which speak of "the fools of time, which die for goodness, who have lived for crime." The "living for crime" referred to the conspiracy and rebellion; the "dying for goodness" to the popular estimation of Essex, after his execution, as "the good earl." Shakespeare sided with the Court party, and had now broken with his earlier patron, Lord Southampton. The two sonnets which appeared in the "Passionate Pilgrim" in 1599, could not have been written very long before that date. Sonnet 55 must have been written after the publication of Mere's *Palladis Tamia* in 1598, the thought and phrasing being obviously derived from a passage in it. Among other similarities, "Mars, his sword" (cf. Mere's *Mars, ferrum*) was too striking a collocation of words to be accidental.

On the second question, who was Mr. W. H.? Mr. Tyler maintained that, though his conclusions with regard to the chronology would be valid, whoever may be identified with Mr. W. H., yet these conclusions were in singular accord with the chief facts known respecting William Herbert, who became Lord Pembroke in 1601. Rowland White, in the *Sydney Papers*, mentions his coming to London in the spring of 1598. He was then eighteen. He lived at Baynard's Castle, close to the Globe Theatre, as well as Bankside, and might easily have been attracted to the theatre and met Shakespeare, who would probably reside near the scene of his labours. His imprisonment in the Fleet in consequence of an amour with Mrs. Fytton, one of the Court ladies, came to an end in the spring of 1601, and might not unreasonably give occasion for that renewal of the intimacy with Shakespeare which is implied in sonnets 100-126. The words "you had a father" of sonnet 13, were not to be taken as meaning that Mr. W. H.'s father was dead, but in accordance with

the words "thou hadst a father" in *Merry Wives*, III., IV. (a parallel passage suggested by the Rev. W. A. Harrison); they implied an exhortation to act as his father had done; to act like a man. Slender, in the "Merry Wives" misunderstands the meaning, and makes himself ridiculous. Clarendon says of Herbert, that he was much given up to women, but was taken by other charms than those of mere beauty; which agrees remarkably with the "dark lady" sonnets. His own poem "Soul's joy, when I am gone," bears a striking resemblance to some of the sonnets. It has been put forward that the Earl of Pembroke would have felt resentment at this publication of the story of his amours (in the last series of the sonnets); but his amours with Mrs. Fytton were notorious by that time, and besides there was a certain concealment in the initials W. H.

After proposing the customary vote of thanks, the Chairman commended the paper as the most important study on this very difficult subject that had yet appeared. The custom then so common of early marriages might account for sonnets 1-17 being addressed to so young a man as Herbert then was. He thought it very possible, though more evidence was wanted, that Mrs. Fytton, for whom Herbert suffered imprisonment, was the dark lady of sonnets 127-152, of whom both Shakespeare and his friend were enamoured. Mr. Tyler said that he reserved that subject for his second paper. Other members spoke on the main questions.

#### CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.

BRISTOL, ENGLAND, April 26.—The following Papers were read: "A Defence of the Historical 'Inaccuracies' of *Henry VIII.*," by Miss Florence Herapath; "The Burning of the Globe Theatre, 1613," by the Rev. H. P. Stokes, M. A., LL. M.; "Buckingham and Shakespeare," by Mr. John Taylor.

L. M. GRIFFITHS, Hon. Sec.

## Reviews.

### SHAKESPEARE IN THE LITERARY MAGAZINES.

The power of Shakespeare as a leader of popular thought cannot be better shown than in the large number of articles devoted to his works and their interpretation that fill our literary magazines. During the half year just ended most of the prominent magazines have published articles in Shakespearean criticism, which, though intended for popular reading are not without interest to the more advanced student.

A writer in *Cornhill* for February makes an appeal for the better appreciation of the *Apothecary* and *Peter of Romeo and Juliet*. He objects to *Peter's* being given the servant's part in Act I, Scenes ii, and iii., claiming that if Shakespeare had intended him he would have mentioned him by name. *Peter* is above a servant, as is shown in his contest with the *Musicians*, and is remarkable for his prudence and his freedom from the general infection of the great party quarrel. The writer also notes how frequently music is mentioned in Shakespeare's death scenes, and how all his clowns are musical, and grow more so in distress. As for the *Apothecary*, the laughter with which he is so frequently greeted is out of place. The long description given of him before his

appearance is sufficient proof that his is not a mere "utility" part. In the scene with *Romeo* the *Apothecary* is the chief character, and should be so treated.

In *London Society* for the same month, A. Calthrop, under the heading *Professor Morley on the "Melancholy Jacques"*, gives an abstract of a recent lecture by Prof. Henry Morley on *As You Like It*, in the University College, London. The Professor holds that the humor of *Jacques* is cynicism, but which Shakespeare himself considers an abnormal view of life. He denies that the Seven Ages express Shakespeare's own ideas of life.

In the same number of this magazine Thomas Taylor writes on *Shakespeare's Two Loves*. He follows the generally accepted view that Anne Hathaway was older than Shakespeare and did the wooing herself. But that this was not unpleasant to the poet Mr. Taylor shows by citing numerous instances from the plays of women wanting in coyness. His remarks on the lady of the Sonnets are not particularly luminous, reaching as they do the oft-repeated conclusion that she is unknown and will always remain so.

An article of general interest and only touching slightly on Shakespeare, is *Blackfriars and the Players*, by J. F. Rolph, in the March number of the same magazine. Mr. Rolph gives an account of Blackfriars from



its origin, and traces its growth both as a monastery and as a theatre. He gives utterance to the more recent results of the investigations into its history in stating that there are grave doubts as to the existence of a theatre at the place so early as 1576, and claims that the first performance was probably given by the children of the chapel in the last decade of the sixteenth century.

The March number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* contains an interesting article on *Shakespeare in the Middle Temple*, by Rev. Alfred Ainger. The writer gives a vivid account of the life in the Middle Temple at the time of Shakespeare, basing his account on the *Diary* of John Manningham. The key note of the article is the entry in the *Diary* under date of Feb. 2, 1602. "At our feast we had a play called *Twelve Night or What You Will*; much like the *Comedy of Errors* or *Menæchoni* in Plautus; but most like and near to that in Italian called *Inganni*." Mr. Ainger notes how Shakespeare names his great tragedies after their central figure, while for his comedies and those dramas in which there are several coördinate plots a general title is selected. The article is accompanied by a number of very fair drawings of the Temple and vicinity by Mr. C. O. Murray.

As is but natural, much of the current Shakespearian literature centres in the interpretations of different actors. *Longmans'* for April contains a short account by Mr. W. C. Miller, an eye-witness of the scene of the Macready Riot in New York. This riot occurred in May, 1848, on the occasion of Mr. Macready's farewell appearance in America, and is the most disgraceful event in the annals of the American stage.

Mr. W. E. Henley's article on Salvini, in the April number of the *National Review*, is a continuous hymn of praise and admiration for his subject. He considers him chiefly in reference to his interpretations of *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Conrad*. In the first he is romantic and tragic, in the second legendary and superhuman, and in the last natural and realistic. Mr. Henley remarks that "Salvini's achievement exemplifies that perfect balance of sentiment and style of matter and manner, of invention and imagination, of organic completeness of execution and organic simplicity of conception, without which heroic art cannot exist."

Of all the magazines, the *Manhattan* deserves the most credit for its devotion to Shakespearian criticism. During the past half year it has published five articles bearing directly on Shakespeare. Some of these, as *Shakespeare's Sonnets in a New Light*, by Junius Henri Browne, in the February number, and Mr. Morgan's query *Whose Sonnets?* in the May number, are somewhat beyond the scope of the present review,—and the same may be said of Mr. White's reply to his critics in the *Atlantic* for May and June. Another, *Why Women Should Study Shakespeare*, by "J. Heard," merely follows the arguments advanced by Prof. Thom in *SHAKESPEARIANA* for February. The remaining articles, however, are admirably adapted to the popular taste. In the April number Mr. Henry C. Pedder gives

a careful and discriminative critical sketch of Edwin Booth. Mr. Pedder finds that intelligence and sensibility are the requirements of a great actor, and that Mr. Booth combines these in a remarkable degree. Mr. Booth's whole nature is one of marked sensitiveness which makes him an ideal *Hamlet*. He does not seek his ends by meretricious means, but, always keeping in view the poetic sentiment of the play; is not seen at his best in moments of turbulent passion. Mr. Pedder's article is accompanied by a photograph of Mr. Booth, and illustrations of him as *Hamlet*, *Iago*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Richelieu*. The July number contains a bright but scholarly article entitled *Shall we Open Shakespeare's Grave?* by Mr. J. Parker Norris. Mr. Norris follows Dr. Ingleby in his argument in the affirmative, and cites a number of instances where graves have been opened after a long lapse of time and the body found in a perfect condition. He further holds that the opening of Shakespeare's grave would be vastly more profitable than was the opening of Schiller's or Raphael's.

Mr. John Foster Kirk has been favoring the public with some remarks and reminiscences concerning *Shakespeare's Tragedies on the Stage* in the May and June numbers of *Lippincott's*. His first paper is devoted chiefly to the philosophy of his subject. He finds the plays remarkable above all others for the *vis dramatica* with which they are impregnated. He draws the distinction between the present analytic and microscopic method and the former system of grasping a character as a whole. Garrick was the greatest actor ever seen on the English stage; his genius comprehending all forms of the drama, from the lightest comedies to the grandest tragedies. Garrick's age, however, was not an imaginative one; but when Keen appeared poetry had become pre-eminent. No representations of any play produced such an effect as Keen's *Othello*, but it was not perfect. Mr. Kirk then compares Keen's interpretation with Salvini's, finding the latter faultless where the other failed. At the same time pathos prevailed in Keen's acting, while horror is the predominating element in Salvini's.

Speaking of the generally accepted opinion that Forrest's acting was natural, Mr. Kirk says "in the degree in which it was natural it was not, according to my apprehensions, acting. Of nature embodied in art and revealed through its processes I saw no trace. It was not natural in the sense of being unconventional, inspired, expressive of close and delicate observation or of imaginative insight. One might have said that Forrest was untrained but for certain evidences of very bad training." He further remarks that Forrest's chief defect was the lack of fire. He inclines to the belief that Booth was superior to Forrest, and denies that he was an imitator of Keen. He finds him perfect as *Iago*, but wretched as *Shylock*. Of Macready he says that "it was in general by his management of his physical powers rather than by their natural qualities that he compelled admiration." Mr. Kirk's articles are written in his happiest vein and will well repay perusal.

## Miscellany.

### A SHAKESPEREAN DISCOVERY.

The Rev. W. D. Macray has recently discovered in the Bodleian Library an old letter from a certain William Hall, a Queen's College man, who took his B. A. degree in October, 1694, to Edwards Thwaites, of Queen's College, a well-known Anglo-Saxon scholar. The interest of the letter consists in the light it throws upon the verses cut upon Shakespeare's tombstone. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips has printed it for private circulation, with a short preface, in which he shows that it was probably written in December, 1794, and goes on to say:—

"Early traditional notices of Shakespeare are of such excessive rarity that incessant research among the multitudinous records of England have heretofore disclosed only four manuscripts of the kind belonging to the seventeenth century. The present discovery adds a fifth, but unfortunately it follows the brevity of its predecessors. But yet in one signal respect, this lately-discovered manuscript of 1694 is the most important of the series—it is the only one in which there is recorded a vestige of the personal sentiments of the great dramatist. And, when we consider the fidelity with which traditions were then handed down in rural districts, can it henceforth be reasonably doubted that the poet gave expression from his death-bed to a special wish that his bones should for ever rest in peace?"

The portion of the letter that refers to Shakespeare is as follows:—

"Dear Neddy,—I very greedily embrace this occasion of acquainting you with something which I found at Stratford-on-Avon. That place I came unto on Thursday night, and the next day went to visit the ashes of the great Shakespear which lye interr'd in that church. The verses which, in his lifetime, he ordered to be cut upon his tombstone, for his monument have others, are these which follow:—

'Reader, for Jesus's sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here;  
Blessed be he that spares these stones,  
And cursed be he that moves my bones.'

The little learning these verses contain would be a very strong argument of the want of it in the author, did not they carry something in them which stands in need of a comment. There is in this church a place which they call the bonehouse—a repository for all bones they dig up, which are so many that they would

load a great number of wagons. The poet, being willing to preserve his bones unmoved, lays a curse upon him that moves them; and having to do with clerks and sextons, for the most part a very ignorant sort of people, he descends to the meanest of their capacities, and disrobes himself of that art which none of his contemporaries wore in greater perfection. Nor has the design missed of its effect, for, lest they should not only draw this curse upon themselves, but also entail it upon their posterity, they have laid him full seventeen foot deep, deep enough to secure him. And so much for Stratford, within a mile of which Sir Robinson lives; but it was so late before I knew that I had no time to make him a visit."—*London Times*.

SHAKESPEARE QUARTOS.—James Dodd, an actor, died in London in 1796, and the following year his library was sold at auction. It contained a number of Shakespeare Quartos, which sold as follows:

<i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i> ,	1600	£1	18s.	od.
<i>Henry IV. Part I.</i> ,	1622	3	8	0
<i>King John</i> ,	1611	1	16	0
<i>Richard III.</i> ,	1621	1	13	0
<i>The Merchant of Venice</i> ,	1600	3	5	0
" " " " (another copy)	1600	3	3	0
<i>King Lear</i> ,	1608	5	2	6
<i>Romeo and Juliet</i> ,	1599	8	15	0
<i>Troilus and Cressida</i> ,	1611	4	10	0

Think what these Quartos would bring at the present time! At the sale of George Daniel's library, in 1864, two copies of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1600, were sold. The Fisher edition brought £241, 10s. and the Robert's edition £36, but we have no means of knowing which edition Dodd's copy was.

At Daniel's sale a copy of *The Merchant of Venice*, 1600, sold for £99. 15s. and *Romeo and Juliet*, 1599, brought £52. 10s. *King Lear*, 1608, sold for £29. 8s.

Dr. Karl Müller, of Stuttgart, has nearly completed a German translation of Appleton Morgan's "Shakespearean Myth." It will have an introduction by Dr. Müller, and will be published very shortly by Tauchnitz. When our German friends take hold of the "Baconian theory" we may look for some exhaustive and learned treatises.